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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

Fate

There's a cloud upon the mountain,
There's a shadow in the vale,
There's a mist about the fountain,
There is sorrow in the tale
That I must e'er be telling
Unto those who care to hear,
Though its notes be dirges, swelling
Ever on the list'ning ear.

There's a picture on the easel
Which has never finished been,
And the shadows gather, gather
Till I cannot lift it in;
Oh! I know full well, in fancy,
Where the light and shade should fall,
But a sort of necromancy
Blots and blurs and spoils it all.

Oh! the outline; I have traced it
With an eager, willing hand;
But when I turned and faced it,
Came a shadow o'er the land,
And the fancy I had conjured
Vanished like a shaft of light,
When the clouds upon the mountain
Shut the golden gates from sight.

There's a song to music sweetest,
And I know by heart its theme,
But it comes and goes completest
Like an echo in a dream;
For when I try its numbers
I can never understand,
And I hear it best in slumbers
In the quiet shadow land.

And 'tis thus my vain endeavor
Mars the picture and the song,
That would bless my soul forever
If I could only right the wrong;
But the wrong will not be righted,
And the song will ne'er be sung,
And the praises of the picture
Ne'er be told by any tongue.

For the clouds upon the mountain
Shadow all the vale below,
Where, beside the bitter fountain,
I must ever come and go,
'Till the tidal of the surges
Outward roll upon the sea,
And the fountain plashes dirges
Over all that's left of me.

—Manada L. Crocker, in the Current.

STORY TELLER.

MILDRED'S AMBITION.

BY CLYDE RAYMOND.

"All that I am or hope to be—my heart and hand and fortune—I lay at your feet. Henceforth you may, if you will, be the queen and inspiration of my destiny. And now, Mildred, darling answer me—will you be my wife?"

There! It was out at last—the offer she had hoped for and dreamed of for months—made, too, with a tender, impassioned eloquence quite worth the olden days of chivalry. And yet the "Yes" with which she had thought to willingly respond did not come so readily to her lips.

Instead, Mildred Latimer leaned back in her deep amber cushioned chair, raised the great bunch of purple violets—his gift—which had been lying in her lap, so that it partially hid the pallor and perplexity of her face, and silently reflected.

A lith, slender figure, with pale, clear tinted skin; eyes of darkest blue, whose expression, though changing with every mood, seemed oftenest tender and thoughtful; and soft, rich masses of lustrous dark hair, Mildred Latimer was a fair woman in the sight of any man, and the sweetest and loveliest of her sex in the eyes of him who leaned caressingly over the back of her chair and waited for her answer.

All about them were picturesque surroundings—blue and amber hangings, attractive paintings, tasteful statuettes and vases, and odd bits of bric-a-brac—all disposed with artistic effect, and enhancing the charming individuality of the fair presiding genius.

With a very strong vein of worldliness in her nature, and a more than ordinary love for the beautiful and luxurious in life, she had used every means in her power to draw toward herself the attentions and admiration of those who could lift her to the heights to which her ambition aspired.

For months she had patiently worked and planned to bring about this very result. She, so lately only a village belle, had subtly drawn to her side, among others, this man distinguished for his wealth and talent—a man whom any woman in the city might be proud to win—and never for one moment had she wavered in her determination to accept his offer when it should be made.

Yet now, in the long anticipated hour of triumph, something held her back from uttering the words she wished to speak—those words which would place her at the very pinnacle of her ambition.

What was it?

Only some secret chord that refused to vibrate at his touch, that failed to respond to the tender passion of his voice. Only a subtle per-

fume of the past drifting over her—a smel of country roads and dew-wet summer blossoms, and the mournful cry of the whip-poor-will sounding from the hush of shadowy groves.

Mildred felt impatient at her own weakness, yet the remembrance of Paul Dane's dark eyes as she leaned upon his arm in their last, almost silent walk along the edge of the music haunted grove, made her close her eyes for one instant, with a quick, convulsive catching of her breath, as a sharp, keen thrill of pain darted through her heart.

"I am waiting for your answer, Mildred, darling," urged Herbert Rutledge, gently, bending in lover-like fashion over the chair. "Don't disappoint me, I pray you, but let it be the one I am longing with all my heart to hear!"

She awoke then from her brief trance, an almost imperceptible tremor—like the chill from a breath of frosty air—shaking the slender, reclining form.

"I will say 'yes,' if that is the answer you are longing for," she said, quickly, raising her eyes to his.

And in the gentle smile accompanying the words that sealed his happiness, he saw nothing of the effort it had cost her to speak them, read nothing in those dark blue eyes of a memory she had thrust into the past long months ago.

So in another moment his betrothal ring was gleaming in all its magnificence upon Mildred Latimer's white hand. And once again that haunting remembrance was forced back into the past and the golden key of her ambition turned upon it.

What a brilliant life opened before her with the acceptance of that glittering diamond circlet!

Herbert Rutledge, proud of the girl he had won, jealously exacted from his family and friends every right and honor due her as his future bride; and they, proud and wealthy and high-born through their were, forgot to condemn or wonder at his choice when they came to know Mildred Latimer.

"She can't really be patronized," was the surprised comment of Mrs. Bromley, an exclusively fastidious patrician and a recognized leader of society, after her first call upon her brother's fiancée. "Why, she received my congratulations as calmly as though it were she who was conferring the honor upon the family by accepting Herbert. I declare one would think she had been born to the purple, to judge from the superb ease and composure of her manner."

"Which is just what I like in her," rejoined Mrs. Lewiston, a younger and more kindly natured sister. "I think her extremely fascinating, and I intend to take her up and make the most of those unique charms which are sure to render her a social favorite at once."

"Oh, so shall I, of course, for Herbert's sake," returned Mrs. Bromley. And so it happened that Mildred, whose life in the city had thus far been passed in artistic rather than fashionable circles, found herself all at once the center of a brilliant coterie in Herbert's social world, petted and admired to a degree that surpassed her fondest dreams.

"It is a glorious existence—all glitter and brightness and colour de rose," she murmured to herself, turning the great flashing diamond round and round upon her finger musingly. "And yet this is but a glimpse of the pleasure and distinction that will be mine when I am actually Mrs. Herbert Rutledge. Mrs. Herbert Rutledge!" she repeated, cresting her proud, dark head with a queenly gesture; "a millionaire's wife! Ah! that is the goal I have worked for, planned for, and—yes," the gleam of gratified ambition in her dark blue eyes changing to a hard, pained look of strongly repressed feeling, as the words dropped slowly from her lips, "yes, worth the sacrifice of my heart—and—Paul's."

For an instant the white, agitated face was bowed upon her hands, and the present, with all its splendid promise, was forgotten. Then, as a man's step sounded in the hall without, she raised her head with an air of almost martyr-like resolution.

"No, no," she muttered, as her red lips set themselves together firmly. "I must not, will not, think of him again!"

Believing it to be Herbert's step she heard in the hall, Mildred called the bright smiles to her lips again, and the fabled love light to her eyes, as she rose to meet her affianced lover.

The door of the pretty boudoir swung open, but instead of the one

she had expected to see, her smiling glance encountered a face and form the sight of which made her shrink back with trembling limbs and gasping breath.

"Paul!"

"Mildred!"

For a moment not another word was spoken. Then his eyes caught the glitter of the ring upon the white hand she had unconsciously pressed against her heart, and their dark depths lit up with a sudden passionate fire.

"It is true, then?" he exclaimed in a hoarse, unsteady voice. "I would not believe it until I had seen you face to face. Oh, Mildred! Mildred! how could you?"

"I was not bound by any promise," she said, trying to make her voice sound cold and emotionless, as she recovered her self-possession. "You know that, Paul."

"I know that by every right of love you belonged to me," was the impassioned answer. "You did not deny that you loved me, and yet I left you free because you asked it. Oh, Mildred—"

"Hush! Spare me, Paul," she protested, faintly, lifting her hand to check the pleading which she felt was all too dangerous. "I wish to forget the past—I have made my choice and will not resign the brilliant destiny before me for any foolish love dream!"

And she turned and faced him firmly at last, a hard, determined light in those dark blue eyes not pleasant to see.

He stood gazing at her a moment or so, as if he could not realize the full significance of her words. Then slowly the dark, handsome face grew white and hopeless, and the glow of passion faded from his eyes.

"Then I leave you to the empty and loveless life you have chosen," he said, sternly, half sorrowfully, as he turned away. "And may heaven pity you, Mildred Latimer! As for me—well," with a short, bitter laugh. "I have been a weak, credulous fool; but I trust I shall soon forget that I ever loved you."

He caught her hand impetuously, crushed it for one second against his burning lips, and then, without another word or look, went swiftly from her presence.

And that night, seated in the luxurious Rutledge box at the opera, with her wealthy fiancé and his elegant sisters beside her, and the cynosure of many admiring glances, Mildred tried to believe that no regrets for the past troubled her present, or threatened to haunt her brilliant future.

So the days rolled on, bringing her golden marriage swiftly nearer. One evening, as she and Herbert sat together in the pretty picture room where he had first declared his love, a telegram was brought her the reading of which blanched her fair cheek to the whiteness of marble.

"You have received some bad news, dear?" questioned Herbert, gently, after watching her for some time in anxious wonder as she sat with that white face and strained, far away look, forgetful of his presence.

"What is it?"

She roused herself at the sound of his voice and placed the telegram in his hand.

"Read it," she said, in a low, tense tone, "and tell me what to do."

He took the message from her hand and rapidly glanced it over.

"Paul is very ill," it ran, "and is calling constantly for you. We fear he cannot live. Please come to us if possible." It was signed "His Mother."

"Paul? repeated Hubert, wonderingly. Who is Paul?"

"One who loves me," answered Mildred, in a low, tremulous voice.

"And whom you love," added her betrothed, in a quick, startled, but decided way. "Tell me this truth, Mildred. Isn't it so?"

For a moment she hesitated. It was so hard, even now, to give up the power and splendor so nearly won; but her sorrow conquered her, and in a low, broken, half sobbing voice she confessed to him the whole story of her love for handsome Paul Dane, and the long and bitter struggle between that love and her ambition.

"It was my ruling passion, my besetting sin she ended, penitently. "Even when, at my mother's death, I sold our home and persuaded my aunt to come to the city, it was not so much to perfect myself in my chosen art as to gain social power and distinction through a brilliant marriage. I broke poor Paul's heart—and—Hubert," with a sudden realization of what he must be suffering, "it pains me more than

I can say to bring this trouble upon you, so dear and tender as you have always been to me."

He had listened to it all with pale, set face, and lips compressed to keep back any sign of the agony he endured, for he loved this girl as strongly and tenderly as ever Paul Dane did, but he answered her bravely and gently, for all that.

"Never mind me, Mildred, dear. I shall suffer some, no doubt; but it is better that one heart should ache for a little while than three lives should be made miserable forever."

Not many weeks later he read of a happy marriage—the marriage of Paul Dane and Mildred Latimer—and a touching little note from Mildred said that she no longer had any ambition save to be a true and happy wife.

Herbert Rutledge is still unmarried; but a lovely, dark-eyed belle has certainly captured Mildred's old place in his heart, and gossip declares the wedding day not far distant.

Richer than Cæsar.

MONEY KINGS WHO FLOURISHED BEFORE GOULDS AND VANDERBILTS.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Rothschilds were hardly known outside of Frankfurt. There they had a little shop in the Judengasse, wherein they sold old coins. They have risen to a fame that extends throughout the world, and they have attained a power which transcends that of Emperors or Czars.

Has this amazing rise had its source in greed, in oppression, in the heaping up and holding fast to riches? By no means. Such qualities alone would never have enabled men to do what the Rothschilds have done. A well-known New Yorker, long-noted for his success, once said: "The secret of wealth does not lie in knowing when to hold on to money; it consists in knowing when to let it go."

What is more they have not let it go solely to Kings and potentates whose gratitude when prosperous might be trusted to reward the services extended in adversity; they have let it go in open-handed and even lavish benevolence in numberless cases where there was little, if any, chance of their ever being repaid at all.

No banking or mercantile house in the world has ever given away so much money in quiet, unostentatious charity as the house of Rothschild, although the splendid gift of the American, George Peabody, to the poor of London, can never in this connection be forgotten.

In 1804 Mayer Amschel Rothschild, the head of the house, had become rich and prominent enough to contract with the Danish Government for the issue of a loan of 4,000,000 thalers. He had previously been made court banker to the Landgrave of Hesse. The latter, on the approach of the invading French, subsequently left his entire fortune in Rothschild's care. The French pillaged in every direction and the Landgrave fled for safety. It was years before he again spoke face to face with Rothschild.

He took it for granted his money was gone. "Not so," said Rothschild, "every penny is ready for you, with five per cent interest." He had contrived to hide the coin in a cellar in wine casks. Afterwards he sent it to his son Nathan in London. Nathan speculated with immense success, and not only possessed the money to return, but had amassed a fortune by its use besides.

Mayer Rothschild died in 1819, aged sixty-seven, leaving five sons—Anselm Mayer, Salomon, Nathan, James and Carl. The first staid in Frankfurt. The others founded new branches of the parent banking house in Vienna, London, Paris and Naples. It is this famous pentarchy which, carrying out the parental plans, have made the name of Rothschild what it is. Their mother, Gudula, lived to the great age of ninety-six, that is, to the year 1849.

Every body has heard the tales of how the Rothschilds got the first news in London of the result of the battle of Waterloo; of their frequent employment of carrier pigeons on this and other occasions; of their "corners" in mercury, grain and many things besides; of their adroit use of notorious enemies on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere; of their (this is imputable individually to Nathan, however) refusing to operate with men, however clever, if they were un lucky, and so on. Another odd thing about Nathan was his careful omission to state in his precautions he took to prevent this from becoming

otherwise known when he died. "I am as good as you," he said to the Duc du Montmorency when his title was granted. "You style yourself the first Christian Baron, and I am the first Jew Baron."

"One secret of Nathan Rothschild's success," says the author of "The Stock Exchange," "was the secrecy with which he shrouded all his transactions, and the tortuous policy with which he misled those who watched him the keenest. If he possessed news calculated to make the funds rise, he would commission the broker who acted on his behalf to sell half a million. The shoal of men who usually followed the movements of others sold with him. The news soon passed through the Capital court that Rothschild was bearing the market and the funds fell. Men looked doubtfully at one another, a general panic spread, but news was looked for, and these united agencies sank the price. This was the result expected, and other brokers, not usually employed by Rothschild, bought all they could at the reduced rate. By the time this was accomplished the news had arrived; the pressure ceased, the funds rose instantly, and Mr. Rothschild reaped his reward."

It is proper to say of Nathan's son Lionel, who subsequently, at the early age of twenty-eight, became the head of the London house, that he never practiced devices like the foregoing ones. He felt that Rothschilds had outgrown the need for these, if there ever had been any such need, and his transactions, vast as they often were, included no detail that could be called a trick or that was inconsistent with the loftiest standards of commercial honor. He died in 1879, after doing a vast amount of good, and the destinies of the London house fell into the hands of his three sons—Sir Nathaniel (since Lord Rothschild), Leopold and Alfred.

It was in the person of Baron Lionel de Rothschild that the ancient system that excluded Jews from the British Parliament was successfully exploded, Baron Lionel entering the House of Commons in 1858, and representing the city of London there almost uninterrupted up to 1874.—*Chicago Times.*

Ration day at Fort Reno.

See *Mercurator* in the October *Cosmopolitan*.

RATION-DAY at Fort Reno presents an exciting scene. There are three hundred and seventy-eight families of Arapahoes, containing five hundred and sixty men, five hundred and sixty-three women, and eleven hundred and seventy-nine children, or a total of twenty-four hundred persons.

Of Cheyennes there are seven hundred and thirty-eight families, containing nine hundred and thirteen men, ten hundred and sixty-one women, and twenty-three hundred and thirteen children—a total of forty-two hundred and eighty-seven Cheyenne men, women, and children. These six thousand six hundred and eighty-seven Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians are all fed and clothed by the Government, each family of six receiving per week six and a half pounds of coffee, two and a quarter pounds of sugar, and eight pounds of flour, in addition to beef. The Government commissary building is within a stone's throw of the Canadian River. Thither every Monday morning the hungry Indians crowd for their weekly supply of food. Each band of forty-five elects a representative, who is given a ticket numbered from one to fourteen. This representative presents his ticket every Monday morning, the supply agent punches one of the numbers and gives the bearer his coffee, sugar, and flour, and an order for one beef. At the end of the quarter, when the fourteen numbers are all punched, another ticket is issued.

Let us follow the chief after he has had his ticket punched and received an order for a beef. His eyes glitter, his nostrils expand, his painted face looks more horrible than ever. The other men of the band leap on their horses. They ride to the stock pen; the agent takes the order and turns over to the chief a bull or an ox. The poor brute leaves the pen dashed—confused; in a moment confusion gives way to wild terror. The Indian bucks, horrible in their brilliant paint, give vent to a series of unearthly yells, and begin a chase that often lasts for hours. They goad the bull with spears, run it hither and thither, shouting and yelling the mean while as though they were mad.

At length, tired of this savage sport, one of the band fires his rifle and puts an end to the poor beast's misery. The bull no sooner falls than the braves surround him, whip out their knives, cut his throat and drink the warm blood, and eat the warm raw flesh. They like the hot blood and flesh, and it is to secure this, as much as for the excitement, that they indulge in this wild chase every ration-day at the Reno Agency. When their gluttonous appetite is satisfied, the squaws take the remains of the carcass and busy themselves picking clean the bones, while the bucks sleep off the effect of their orgy. For two or three days they gorge and gloat; the rest of the week, until ration-day comes again, they half starve. Such is the result of the Government's method of caring for its wards.

THE HEIRS OF MILLIONAIRES.

HOW THE LINES OF INHERITANCE ARE CARRIED ALONG.

When Jay Gould stepped lightly out of his office in the Western Union building the other afternoon there was a smile on his face such as had rarely ever been seen there before he became the grandfather to the heir of his son George's fortune. The recent appearance of the youngster gave hope to the founder of the Gould dynasty that his millions would descend in direct line down at least to the third generation, from whence the line of inheritance may yet be carried along through generations yet unborn.

It used always to be said in olden times when millionaires were so few as to number but three or four in the whole United States, the great fortunes in this country were pretty sure to be dissipated by the sons of the men who gathered them, and that there was no chance of the growth of hereditary wealth under the leveling influence of democracy. But we can now see the New York inherited fortunes, not few in number, that have been firmly held through three or four generations, and bid fair to continue far beyond the heirs now on the stage. The foundation of the big fortune in America was laid three quarters of a century ago by Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was even then the captain of a petty fleet; and the millions of the commodore descended to his son, William H., in whose hands they doubled, and by him they were bequeathed to William K. and his other children, several of whom have now posterity who are reasonably sure of inheriting it in due time.

The foundation of the gigantic fortune of the Astor family (at least \$100,000,000) was built in this city one hundred years ago by John Jacob Astor, who transmitted it to his heir, William B., who transmitted it to his heir, John J., who, some years ago, turned over the keeping of it to his heir, William W., to be transmitted in course of time to his heir, already on the stage—his of the fifth generation since the origin of the Astor fortune. These are the most familiar examples of hereditary fortunes in New York, though the list might be extended to the De Peysters (whose estate dates before the revolution), the Rhinelanders and many others.

As for the fortunes now in the second generation and hastening to the third, they are too numerous to mention. So it is an error to suppose that the sons of the rich are always sure to be spendthrifts who will dissipate their heritage. It is a fact, on the contrary, that in the cases referred to, as well as in others that might be spoken of, the original inheritance has been justly increased by each successive generation. The head of the Astor family to-day—if we regard William W., who manages the property, as the real head—is a shrewd business man, always enlarging the estate; and the same thing may be said of William K. Vanderbilt and of others in the line of millionarism, including George Gould, the son of his father, Jay, and the father of his son, Jay.—*John Swinton in Kansas City Times.*

Value of the White Topaz.

The white topaz found near Pike's Peak is almost equal in value to the diamond. Not many people know this; but I found a topaz on the banks of the Platte river this summer and sent it to a lapidary in New York to have it cut. It weighed 828 carats, and the lapidary sent back word that he would give me \$500 for it. I refused the offer, and investigation disclosed the fact that if I had sold the stone it would have found its way into some of the large jewelry stores of the metropolis, where, cut into in-

numerable small stones, it would have been offered for sale as genuine diamond. Clear white topaz is worth \$9 a carat. A three or four carat, well cut stone, will cost you \$30 or \$40. The white topaz has the brilliancy and hardness of the diamond, and differs from it only in being somewhat transparent. Its angle of refraction differs only slightly from that of the diamond. It is rare, too.—*Globe-Democrat.*

Cast up by the sea.

THE STRANGE DISCOVERY MADE IN A LARGE ABELONE SHELL.

A mystery of the sea has been revealed by the finding on the beach at Half-moon Bay, a few miles south of Golden Gate, a large abalone shell bearing in mother of pearl a perfect impression of a baby shoe. The story, though stranger than fiction, is verified by such a mass of evidence that its truth cannot be doubted. Twenty-six years ago, a little girl wandered from her home on the shore of Half-moon Bay and was not seen again until four days afterwards, when its dead body was cast up by the waves which break over the adjacent reef. The child was supposed to have fallen from a rock. One of its feet was gone, but this was ascribed to the voracity of a shark, or other flesh-eating sea monster. Years passed by and the event was almost forgotten.

Recently one of the sons of the old lady, and mother of the lost girl, picked up on the beach a piece of a large abalone shell which had been thrown up by the tide. He was astonished to find inside the shell a perfect representation of a child's shoe, even to the little break in the toe where the leather had worn away. Every detail was reproduced in brilliant colors which are characteristic of the interior of abalone shells. The young man carried the shell home as a curiosity.

The first person to whom he showed it was his mother. No sooner did the old lady see it than she exclaimed: "It is my baby's shoe, the shoe of my little girl that was lost twenty-six years ago." The rest of the family ridiculed the idea, but she produced the mate to the shoe. A careful comparison showed that the time-incorrupted shoe in the shell and the memento to the dead child carefully kept by the mother through the years that she had mourned her little one, were undoubtedly mates. The mystery of the child's death was revealed at last. Any one who knows the nature and habits of the abalone can readily understand what occurred. The little one had ventured out on the rocky reef, had slipped from the rock, and her feet had caught between the rock and the edge of a huge abalone shell. At once it closed on the ankle, and the little one was a prisoner, to be held until the rising tide swept over her. Such cases are not uncommon.

A few years ago, a Chinese was frequently seen in San Diego whose right hand, with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, was gone. The story told by his mates was that while hunting abalone he incautiously inserted his fingers under the sharp edge of an abalone shell. Before he could withdraw them the shell closed down. He lay on the rock, held by the hand till the tide began to come. Seeing his danger and realizing that he had only himself to depend upon for aid, he managed to get out his knife with his left hand, and by dint of hard work hacked off the imprisoned fingers and released himself. The abalone is a large univalve, the dried meat of which is exported in large quantities from this city to China.—*Globe Democrat.*

Oldest of the Sciences.

Metallurgy is the oldest of the sciences. It was born in the efforts of the alchemists to transmute metals into gold, and has come down through the centuries less changed than any other science. While the earliest records are not full and complete, the alloys made in those old ages, and the slags found about some of the oldest workshops discovered, some of them dating back to the age of Moses, show pretty clearly what the metallurgical methods of those days were, and show that they were much the same as the methods now in use. The slags give proof that lime was used as it is used now, and that sulphur was a bugbear as it is now. What advances have been made have been more of a mechanical nature than in the way of discovering new laws or principles of chemistry.—*Public Opinion.*

"You horrible, horrible brute," said Mrs. Smathers, choking her anger, as she extracted two more straggles from her hair. "Just see what you have done," she added hysterically.

Her husband seemed somewhat indoubt just what to do in his tutti fruttu condition. "I would rather not discuss this matter just now, Martha," he said timidly, as he removed some apple jelly from his left eye with his coat sleeve. "The back of my head is crystallizing, and unless I am wiped off soon I shall be a marron glass in ten minutes."—*New York Tribune*.

NEW YORK

The St. Joseph's Union Ball.

ELECTION DAY RETURNS.

Other Topics.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

With the drawing nigh Thanksgiving comes also the savor of spring chickens, fat turkeys, and those other accompaniments that generally go with them. It should not be forgotten, however, that thanks are due Him who is the giver of all things, and the many blessings that have been bestowed upon the members of the silent world, during the past year, are in themselves sufficient cause to make all feel doubly thankful to Him for his great and manifold kindness.

On the evening before Thanksgiving, the mutes of New York and Brooklyn are to have for the first time in years an entertainment that promises to be one of the most enjoyable and largely attended ever gotten up under the auspices of a deaf-mute society. That any expense can be offered for not attending on account of business would only be bogus ones, as it occurs on Thanksgiving eve, and no American citizen, be he ever so fastidious, would refuse to attend a ball on that evening.

To this, you come to enjoy a real, live, genuine ball, not one of those antiquated kind, but an occasion that will be famous for its bery of pretty lassies and gallant beaux. The beauty of Brooklyn and New York will be there, as also some half hundred of Boston and Philadelphia's most handsome and courteous representatives of the beau-ideal.

Silks will rustle, satin will quiver, and rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds will glitter with a lustre very rarely witnessed at a mute gathering. There will be blondes and brunettes, and eyes that will dazzle with mirth and merriment.

All this deaf-mutes can enjoy, while they are gliding through mazy waltz, or the more quaint lancers and quadrille. Beneath they will find themselves gliding over a polished surface that will make them think they are going through the air, while above will be a perfect rainbow of colors entwining each other and having in the center a reminder they are in a free country—with this there will be no end of beauty and fashion smiling down upon the galleries that circle the hall.

Then, too, they—everybody who comes—may be assured of the most courteous attention, as the gentlemen appointed on the various committees have been selected with great care and good judgment, and will not allow the enjoyment of the occasion to flag for a moment.

The oft mentioned, but always welcome Prof. Richard E. Sansé will have ready some of his most captivating and entertaining musical selections, which affects a person by failing to remind them of any such thing as being tired. We poor mortals, not being able to hear, will not enjoy this part of the programme, to its full extent, but who can say there ever was a mute that thought for a moment of this loss in his senses as he was gliding over a highly polished floor with a creature sweeter than any music ever heard.

It promises to be an auspicious opening of the ball season, and the enjoyment of the occasion with the large attendance present will prove the "Three Jims"—"Uncle Jim," "Benedict Jim," and "Big Jim," are no mean caterers to the public enjoyment.

Hence we expect to see everybody at the St. Joseph's Union Ball, Wednesday evening, November 23d, and would like to see all do the proper thing on that occasion—make themselves at home and enjoy the coming of Thanksgiving Day.

Following this, there will be a repite of two or three weeks, when will occur the masquerade, and should all keep their promises made before band, the costumes of those who attend en masque, promise to be on a grand scale.

A party of eight mute gentlemen met at an evening much frequented by mutes one evening, last week, to discuss the political returns. By degrees politics gave way to other topics and the masquerade was mentioned. At the suggestion of one, each gave a guess as to what young lady they thought would be credited the most tastefully, prettily, though not expensively dressed, and the result was interesting, there being three fair graduates from New York Institution and three from the Lexington Avenue School.

The Democrats of the City feel delighted over the result of the election, as in almost every case it was a clean sweep for the candidates of that party.

Tom Brown was so jubilant over the election of Fellows, that he did not know Election day was a thing of the past until high noon on the day following. Strange case of absent-mindedness.

Viscount Rose did not vote, having been lately returned from sojourn in Canada, and is at present residing with his mother in Astoria, L. I.

The "Regular" substitute of the Graphic, William Durian, expects ere long to be one of that chapel's light-

ning composers. Type-setting and city life appears to agree with William.

Should you come across the "Poet" Le Clercq in the middle finger of his right hand for a solitaire of exceeding brilliancy. He says it is a 14-karat, whatever that may mean.

The fifteenth anniversary of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was celebrated in St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, last Sunday, and brought together a large and appreciative audience.

No less than sixty were in attendance at St. Francis Xavier's, Sunday afternoon. Father Belanger chose for his subject the eighth article of the Creed, "And ascended into heaven."

Andy Capelli is said to have secured a regular frame in the *World* composing room. If so, we congratulate him, and hope he will keep it.

"Viscount" Rose, on his off-days on the *Spirit of the Times*, does subbing on the *Evening Telegram*, and may secure a steady sit ere long.

Johnny O'Brien requests us to state that he is awaiting an owner for a silk umbrella and gold bracelet found on the Gallaudet Home Excursion. Same will be forwarded to owner on giving description and paying expenses. Address, J. F. O'Brien, 207 Lexington Avenue.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

Indianapolis and Vicinity.

Miss Carrie Bischof, of Terre Haute, passed through the city a few days ago, en route for Cincinnati. She is as lively and joyful as ever.

We just received an echo that she stopped at Acton and is visiting Mrs. J. L. Hoadlyshell in the country, for a couple of weeks.

Professor Vail is erecting an elegant mansion at the corner of McKim Ave. and Wash St. And also a stable. The buildings are under roofs of many gables of the most recent style and architectural designs.

The session commenced on the 15th of September. There is always a tardiness in many returning to school, but the session is in full blast now and the very able and competent instructors are straining all their energies to make good the lost time.

The mutes of Indiana, and especially the readers of the *JOURNAL*, would love to see a long column of Indiana news, written by one of the Professors at the Institution. Hiawatha writes well, but as he cannot find much news he writes too much about himself, which is all bosh and trash and nobody likes to read it. One of the Professors can easily get all the news over the State. He resides in the hub of the wheel, and there are spokes in the wheel. A good teacher loves to read good books, and also he loves to improve his literature attainment by writing to periodicals. But the best teacher neglects nothing. He reads all he can, performs all his duties well, goes into society. Nor is this all; he writes and improves his literature. He will not neglect to write to the *JOURNAL* regularly if asked to by the mutes of Indiana. Should the mutes of Indiana ask this favor and he consent to it, he would soon bring Indiana to the front with her sister States.

A READER.

Nashua, N. H.

Mr. E. R. Gay moved back to his father's on the Hollis Road last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. French have another child of about one month old. She was born October 12th, and weighs ten pounds. Mother and baby are doing well. The baby is named Rosetta C. French.

Mr. French, of Nashua, moved to another house last week, and by this change of residence, he lost his vote in the municipal election. He lives at No. 3 Denton Street.

Rev. John Chamberlain conducted a sign service for deaf-mutes in the Church of Good Shepherd, in Nashua, on 8th inst. Five mutes were present. Rev. Chamberlain's subject was on "Helpfulness and Humility."

It is very probable that a good number of deaf-mutes will represent New Hampshire at the Boston Jubilee on December 10th.

The Nashua Deaf Society will meet in Mechanic Building, No. 66 Main Street on the evening of December 17th, Saturday, and on the 18th, Sunday.

Miss Nellie Lafferty, of Lowell, Mass., spent two nights at the house of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Wright in Nashua last month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. White, of Bennington, N. H., stopped with V. B. Wright one night, on their way home from a visit to the great fair in Boston last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cross, of Beverly, Mass., called on V. B. Wright, in the shop last week, on their way back home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wright had company from Mr. E. A. Volker, of Manchester, and his sweet child last week, and also from Miss E. M. Gillpatrick a few days ago. She works for Mrs. Volker.

There was a meeting of the Nashua Deaf Society in the Mechanic Building, No. 66 Main Street, on the evening of November 12th. After transacting its proper business, a social time was had, telling stories, etc.

The first Sunday service for deaf-mutes ever held here by the same society, took place in the same building, and was conducted by Varnum B. Wright. His subject was St. John IV. A small attendance.

Mrs. Frank Worcester visited Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Wright three days this month, and is going home to Amherst on the 14th inst.

NASHUA.

Nov. 11, 1887.

Death of Henry Matthewson.

There was a large attendance of sympathizing relatives and friends at the residence of Mr. J. A. Matthewson, one of our oldest citizens, on the mournful occasion of the funeral of his son, Mr. Henry Matthewson, on Monday afternoon. Mr. Henry Matthewson was a deaf-mute, and died suddenly on the 22d inst. He was apparently in his usual good health on Thursday of last week, and died about noon on Saturday. The Rev. Robert Paul read the burial service of the Episcopal church, of which Mr. Matthewson was a member, having been baptized at Mexico, N. Y., on the 26th of July, 1874, and confirmed by Bishop Huntington, in St. James's church, Paluski, on the 12th of December, 1875. Mr. Matthewson was born in Paluski on the 20th of June, 1832, and was brought up to his father's business as a miller, but subsequently availed himself of the assistance of a private tutor and afterward of his distinguished literary advantages, and graduated at the New York Institute for Deaf-Mutes on the 12th of July, 1854. He was married to Miss Margaret Eacker, also a deaf-mute, at Fultonville, on the 29th of Sept. 1858, and their frequent attendance together at the Table of the Lord indicated at once their devotion to God and to each other. After a married life of upwards of twenty-nine years he has left an afflicted widow, together with a son and daughter, and aged father, now in his 83d year, to mourn his loss—but he comforted—he has only gone from sight.—*Paluski Democrat*.

The Boston Jubilee.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*.—The general passenger and ticket agents of New England, are to meet this week to consider my application for lower rates to the members of the Jubilee. I hope to be enabled to report a favorable result next time.

Am happy to say that Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has accepted the invitation to deliver the oration, at Faneuil Hall, on December 10th. His father (Harvey P. Peet) was the steward of the American Asylum from 1824 to 1831, and then went to take charge of the New York Institution as the principal, and, therefore, Isaac knew the elder Gallaudet very well.

The other day, I was informed that Mr. Arms and several others of Philadelphia, are coming to the Jubilee. Mr. Hodgson, will you try to bring a delegation from New York?

W. K. CHASE.

IN MEMORIAM.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, held Wednesday, November 9, 1887, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

The Rev. Sullivan H. Weston, D.D., a member of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, died on Friday, October 14th, 1887. His associate directors attended the funeral at St. John's Chapel, of which Dr. Weston was the minister, on Monday, October 17th.

The Directors hereby place on record, their sorrow at the removal of a member of the Board, who, by systematic devotion to the pupils, personal interest in their welfare, frequent visits to the Institution, wise counsel and aid to the instructors, and a conscientious discharge of all the duties of his position, won their esteem and respect. While they deplore the loss of such a man to the cause of deaf-mute education and to the world, they gratefully recognize the goodness of God in sparing a useful life so long, and gladly remember his cheerful, charitable, and manly christian character.

Resolved, That this minute be engrossed upon the minutes of the Board, and that a copy be forwarded to the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* for publication attest.

THATCHER M. ADAMS, Secretary.

Julian Hawthorne's First Fight.

For my own part, though the event occurred when I was no more than nine years of age, I still vividly remember, and shall never forget, the thrill of noble joy that traversed my diminutive frame the first time I fairly knocked an adversary down. It was in the back-yard of a boarding-house in Liverpool, England.

The yard was paved with broad flagstones, and was surrounded with high brick walls. The dispute between my antagonist and myself began on the steps of the kitchen door, and was occasioned, very likely, by a diversity of opinion as to rightful ownership of an eleemosynary piece of pie; but upon that point I am open to correction. What is certain is, that we arose and fought in the center of the yard, and that the party of the second part received an unexpected right-hand blow from the nose meets the upper lip. He fell over backward, to my own surprise and extreme satisfaction; the circumstance that he was, then and afterward, a particular and cherished friend of mine not in the least diminishing the latter emotion. The delight of battle is no respecter of persons, and the taste of blood is stimulating, no matter whose veins supply it. No grudge was borne on either side; whereas, supposing for example, that I had eaten his pie and had then omitted to knock him down for it, an ill-feeling might have been engendered that would have rendered our innocent little lives unhappy and malignant.—*November Cosmopolitan*.

FANWOOD.

A Torchlight Procession.

THE MUTE CONTINGENT PRAISED.

Institution Briefs.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Last Friday evening there was a Democratic jollification on Washington Heights in honor of the Democratic victory in New York and especially over the election of Col. John F. Kelly, as District Attorney. Mr. Fellows' home is on the Boulevard near 152d Street, and his neighbors and friends, and the Democrats of the district wanted to celebrate their success in electing him. A majority of our boys—were ardent supporters of Mr. Fellows before election day, and as soon as it began to be whispered about that he was far ahead of his opponents, the mugwumps hastily got off the fence, and joined the throng of victorious Democrats and tried to appear as if they were the genuine article. The village Democrats were going to have a torchlight procession, and our future voters at the Institution wanted to show that they too were willing to jollify. The promoters of the scheme in the village having agreed to furnish all the torches needed, and permission to go being obtained from the Superintendent, about eighty of the larger boys, led by John H. Geary, and accompanied by Supervisors Risley and King, started for the rendezvous at eight o'clock. The Silentias wore their baseball uniforms of white jackets and knickerbockers with brown belts and stockings, and the Democrats of the second nine wore the suits of the old Resolutives—gray suits with gray caps, belts and stockings. The two clubs made a fine appearance and were given the place of honor at the head of the procession. They marched on each side of the band and then came the others stretching from curb to curb where the street was free from obstructions. They did themselves proud and made the hearts of their officers glad by their promptness and skill in obeying orders. The procession first went to the home of Col. Fellows, followed by the usual crowd, and from there to the Athenaeum on the 155th Street where there was a meeting at which Dr. Peet presided. The crowd was so large that the hall could not hold a tenth of those who were anxious to get inside. Our boys only caught a glimpse of the lion of the hour as he went in. On their homeward march the boys showed their knowledge of drill, marching and countermarching to the great satisfaction of such of their teachers and officers of the school as were present, and especially to Prof. Fox, who put his boys through their paces for all that was in them. On their return to the Institution, they passed around the girls' side of the buildings so that they could be seen and admired by any white robed spectres that might be peering out of the upper windows. Then they tramped around back again and under the low brick arches to their own side where they extinguished their torches, broke ranks and ended their part of the jollification with speech making and congratulation in their sitting room before they went to bed. Mr. George H. Peet, being acquainted with the sign-language and also able to hear the orders given by the general commander, acted as Marshall for our contingent, and performed his duties satisfactorily all round. The boys are made happy by the good impression they made, and want to try it some more.

NOTES.

The "Silentias" are now mourning over the death of their mascot, "Tommy Dod." They held an inquest over its remains and concluded that his owlishness was caused by eating too many rats of which he was very fond. Next time they acquire a mascot, they will not let their zeal overflow by being too indulgent with its eating propensities. They are going to stuff the owl.

The Rosehills have accepted a challenge from our football eleven to play a friendly game on November 19th, the occasion being a holiday in honor of Dr. Harvey Prindle Peet's birthday. We have vanquished them at baseball twice in succession, and their willingness to try us at football, shows that friendly feelings still exist and that they have not yet given up the ghost.

John W. Lyons spent almost the entire day of Saturday hunting for ducks at Jamaica Bay, L. I.

The first snow storm of the year occurred here on the 11th inst.

A number of the pupils of both sexes, under the charge of Miss Frankie C. Hawkins and Supervisor King, attended evening services at the Episcopal Church on the Heights, last Sunday. Dr. Peet was there to interpret for their benefit. Prof. Gamage delivered in signs "Christ stilling the tempest." Dr. Gallaudet was also present.

The benevolent face of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was seen up here on Monday. Complimentary tickets to a Fair in aid of St. Ann's Church, were distributed among us by the Reverend gentleman.

John Cahill, who came here a year ago in a forlorn condition and received assistance from our boys, turned up again last Sunday looking worse than ever. He is an able bodied man

and can get work if he tries to, but it is our opinion that he is too lazy and shiftless to work. He left us, saying that he was going to the Gallaudet Home.

By the time the *JOURNAL* is issued this week, the wedding ceremonies of Miss Bella Fisher and Mr. Charles B. Shattuck will have been performed. Some very nice presents have been forwarded to Miss Fisher's address, which will remind her that though far away she is not forgotten.

The head of the Shoe Shop in the Juvenile Asylum, near High Bridge, passed through the shops on Monday.

Mr. John Colter, President of the Newark Deaf-Mute Association, and night engineer in the Newark stone-quarry, was here on Monday to pay his annual respects to Fanwood.

Miss Jennie Williams was given a birthday party by her lady friends here on the evening of Friday last. She was the recipient of many nice presents.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson and Prof. Fox have been invited to the De l'Epee Association Banquet, in Philadelphia, on Wednesday evening next.

AQUILA.

St. Joseph's Union Reception.

St. Joseph's Union, of Brooklyn will hold its Third Annual Reception in the City Assembly rooms, Washington Street, between Johnson and Myrtle Avenues (City Hall Square), before the next issue of the *JOURNAL* reaches its numerous readers, therefore the Committee of Arrangements hasten to notify their deaf-mute friends and the public in general that they (the committee) have left nothing undone that will add to the comfort, pleasure and enjoyment of its guests. The hall will be handsomely decorated for the occasion. The Committee can say without egotism that it has always displayed good taste and judgment in making arrangements for their previous social gatherings, and on this occasion they have labored long and hard to make this surpass all previous efforts.

Everything possible has been done to put their deaf-mute friends to as little inconvenience as possible, and if all arrangements are carried out as planned, no one will have any reason to regret attending.

Special pains have been taken to the end that all undesirable persons shall not be admitted. The Union has decided that at all hazards good discipline shall be maintained, and to this end has taken great care in their appointments of committees, not that any trouble is expected, but because as at last summer's excursion trouble came from an entirely unexpected quarter.

Arrangements have been perfected with Mr. A. W. Tyson, the proprietor of the hall and owner of the restaurant on the ground floor, to have all who attend our ball, promptly attended to.

The reception is by no means a financial venture, being gotten up for social purposes only. If the committee had so desired, they could have sold the date to other organizations and cleared more than could ever be expected when running at such heavy expenses.

In conclusion, the committee extend a cordial invitation to all to attend, and promise a right good jolly time, free as far as is possible from petty annoyances has been a feature of some previous gatherings as possible. Several local persons of note are expected to be present.

Grand march starts promptly at 9:30.

THE COMMITTEE.

ROMANISMS.

Miss Lockwood received a visit from her cousin Monday.

Prof. Selinay conducted the service in the chapel Sunday preaching from Judges 12:6.

George M. Snell returned to school Monday. He was detained at home to assist his grandpa in the cabinet shop.

Our latest industry is engraving in which there are several promising pupils.

A new pupil arrived here Tuesday, from Frankfort, N. Y., aged ten years.

The *JOURNAL's* correspondent "Aquila," gets mixed once in a while. Last summer he reported Job Turner as having returned from Maine, where he delivered an eulogy on Thomas Brown, whereas, the eulogy was delivered at Henniker, N. H., by Wm. Martin Chamberlain, of Rome. Mr. Turner being there and conducting the service on Sunday. He did not go to Maine.

In last issue, "Aquila" mentioned the visit of Miss Bessie Eddy, a sister of our Mr. Eddy, and located her as a teacher here. The fact is Miss Eddy was, at last accounts, a teacher of articulation at the American Asylum, at Hartford, Conn., and never taught here.

Bella Evans was made happy by a visit from her mother and little brother, Tuesday.

The annual election of officers of the "Lit" resulted as follows:—President, Geo. L. Stewart, of Oneida; Vice-President, Fred. Keller, of Syracuse; Secretary, Geo. Smith, of Albany; Treasurer, F. L. Selinay, of Rome; Committee, T. H. Jewell, of Rome, Cora Shuttles, of Syracuse, J. H. Eddy, of Rome.

There were 18 visitors here during the week.

We have already had lots of snow and snowballing.

ROME, N. Y.

MAY.

Newark and Orange, N. Y.

Miss Maggie Finn, is the recipient of many invitations to attend parties, etc. She will attend a large party given by her friends in North Orange next week.

Miss Blaurock's father and mother were in Washington, D.C., with Lincoln Post No. 11, G. A. R. They returned home last week after reporting a good time, bringing for their daughter some nice presents.

Miss Lizzie Hewlings has moved from Northfield, N. J., to Philadelphia, where she has secured a good situation.

Miss Carrie Dixon, of Elizabeth, went to Boston last week.

Miss Blaurock had company at her house last Sunday. They were from New York and this city.

Misses Ella Eckel and Ada Vanness, pupils of the Trenton School, are very happy because they are going to come home on Thanksgiving Day.

Messrs. Bousfield and Ward are kept busy in their shop, from early morning until late at night.

Mr. Louis Brade, of Jersey City, came over to see his friend, Mr. Bousfield, in Newark, last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kinney spent a day in Brooklyn last week, with the former's uncle and aunt.

Miss Conklin attended sign service last Sunday, and was pleased to meet her mute friends again.

Mr. Peter Brade, of Jersey City, is going to be married to Miss Cora Flint this year.

JOLLY.

NEWARK, NOV. 8, '87.

Japanese English.

The Japanese find great trouble with the English articles *a* and *the*, and it is also difficult for them to preserve the distinction in sound of *and* *r*.

The following composition is an amusing illustration of these facts and of the application of a philosophical diction to a trifling subject. It is just as it came from a Japanese student in one of the schools of Japan.

CAT.

The instinct that a cat catches a rat is given to a cat instantaneously when it is born. So that as soon as it is born it has the function to catch the rats. That the rats' fear of the cat is also deeply engraved in the mind of the rats before it is hatched.

So that at the same time when it is hatched the rats knew that the cat is a thing fearful.

That the cat catches the rats or that the rats' fear of the cat are merely the instincts. Therefore, that the cat catch the rats is not the matter particularly to be praised; why we praise the cat is on the fact that the cat does not catch the rats rashly. In my house the rats are very abundant. From the early evening they spring out from their nests, one after another, ten or twenty rats, soaring up on the ceiling or cases, down the tables or floor, are wandering here and there to get their foods. Consequently I got a cat, the cat strong as a tiger, with its fangs and nails like a sharp weapons.

Within a month caught a rat, with in a week caught other, giving death to one rat and chastised hundreds of them. So that pleasantly the ravages of the rats are settled.

Once some one came to me and said, "Your cat is undoubtedly very strong, but how little your cat does catch the rats."

I replied the following: "In the universe, whatever may be the case, there are stronger or weaker and the flesh of the weaker is to a food of the stronger." "Can a cat kill the rats all? I think not. While the cat does not kill them all, the cat perhaps may wound himself.

Moreover, there is no reason why hundred or thousand of the rats cannot stand rivalry against only one cat.

Yet as they are in the state that they cannot stand rivalry against the cat, they are afraid of the virtue of the cat. As the number of the rats caught increase larger and larger, then the virtue is gradually failed, if it is failed; they stand in rivalry.

To catch the rats rashly is not the real function of the cat; hence that the cat catches the rats less is really to make him more influential.

How if one becomes an officer, soon he become proud of his power and ministers state issuing hard laws and ordering heavy taxes without mercy; his retainers deprive forcibly the taxes even from the poor.

As a consequence whole people become afraid of his policy and grieved of him and scorned of him. "Oh, when a rat met a danger, he chew a cat."

Now the people met danger, we cannot ascertain whether they chew the officers or not. I hope one who have the mind same as that of the cat will become a officer.

Gallaudet Centennial Jubilee Fund.

BULLETIN No. 9.

Received from—
W. H. Kransse, Boston, Mass., \$1 00
John S. Kenney, " 1 00
Harry Jordan, Newton, " 1 00
Edwin Duran, Charlestown, Mass., 1 00
Henry A. Achison, Boston, " 1 00
Fred. L. Varney, Farmington, N. H., 1 00
Frank S. Parker, " 1 00
Frank P. Bartlett, South Lee, " 1 00
J. P. Marsh, Bristol, Conn., 1 00
G. W. Wood, Forestville, " 1 00
Receipts reported in the last bul-
letin, 158 30
Total, \$168 30
HENRY M. FAIRMAN, Treasurer.
HARTFORD, NOV. 12, 1887.

Subsribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

COLUMBUS.

Religious Services by Rev. Mr. Mann.

THE "ROUND TABLE" SOCIETY.

Visitors—Foot Ball, and Other Items.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

Since I wrote last week, we have been visited by the blessed rain, and the great drought is broken. To be sure, we got only half an inch of water, but there was enough to fill the cisterns and thoroughly soak the ground.

In the political fight of the week the stalwart Republican beat his opponent handsomely, but when his opponent got up and rubbed the dust out of his eyes and looked over the fence to see how the fight had gone on in New York, he was immensely rejoiced to find his democratic brother on top in that field, so the honors are about even.

Rev. Mr. A. W. Mann reached here from his home in Gambier yesterday. He conducted services in the chapel this morning, taking for his text, Acts 12:11. The stage platform was beautifully decorated with living plants and flowers from the conservatory. In the afternoon he had a service in the chapel of Trinity Church, at which he baptized the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Schory. The chapel was well filled with pupils from the upper classes and resident deaf-mutes, and the service was very impressive. This evening he held a combined service at the Church of the Good Shepherd, in the northern end of the city, which was attended by both the deaf and hearing.

Foreman Branson, of the *Chronicle*, went home to vote last week. During his absence, Mr. Thomas Crowley, a graduate of the office, was put in charge, and he kept things straight till Mr. Branson returned.

At the meeting of the Cliona Literary Society held last Thursday, the resignation of Mr. Scott, as President was not accepted, so he has consented to hold on until the annual election of officers, which is held in December. The society now meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month instead of Tuesday as heretofore.

The teachers' and officers' new society has been christened the "Round Table Literary Society." The membership is not confined to those connected with the Institution, as I understood, in fact the Table is quite elastic, and may be stretched out to accommodate an unlimited number.

Rev. Lowell Pratt, of Hartford Conn., stopped at the Institution last Friday on his way home to Chicago, to see his brother, Supt. Pratt. The college boys who knew him when he was a professor in the College at Kendall Green, were equally glad to see him

ROAST TURKEY.

The stuffing for this may be prepared the day before and the bird made ready, but I recommend it not to be stuffed until near the time for roasting it, says a writer in an exchange.

For the stuffing take eight ounces of bread crumbs (no crust), three ounces of butter chopped with it, a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, a small onion, boiled and chopped very fine, two tablespoonfuls of parsley, free from stalks, and chopped as fine as possible, and a suspicion of grated nutmeg. Mix all together with two eggs. Stuff the body crisp, but if you would have your stuffing rich and not like a steamy pudding: do not fill the body full; leave plenty of room for swelling. Many prefer a little chopped pork in place of the butter, and if you like a crumbly dressing you will not need the eggs.

When the bird is stuffed, sew up slit, turn the skin of the neck back, and fasten it with a tiny skewer, then truss it, flour it all over, and bake it in a steady oven. A large turkey will take quite four hours; a medium-sized one three. Baste it frequently and turn it about so that all sides may be brown alike.

The giblets should be put on to stew slowly for four hours the day before they are needed, with a quart of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of pepper. When the broth is reduced to little over a pint strain it, keeping the gizzard and liver. The former must be chopped fine and the latter mashed. When the turkey is done put it on a hot platter. Set the dripping pan on the fire, put the chopped giblets into it, with a desert spoonful of flour, and stir them all around the pan, letting the flour brown. Then pour it into the liquor from the giblets, and, if more gravy is required, a little stock of water. Stir it till all the gravy clinging around the pan is removed, and then taste to ascertain if seasoned sufficiently.

Savory Mince.

This is a nice way to use cold roast beef. Mince as much as is required very finely till it almost forms a paste, then over it up and set it aside till wanted. Chop, very small, two medium onions, with a little thyme, parsley and tarragon, and put them into a saucepan with an ounce of butter and a teaspoonful of flour. Stir them about over a gentle fire until partially cooked and nicely browned; add a cupful of stock, the minced meat, a desert spoonful of good catsup—mushroom, walnut, or tomato—and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Simmer gently for half an hour, stirring now and then; then turn the mince on to a hot dish, garnish with crotons, take and serve hot. To prepare the crotons take slices of stale bread, cut a quarter of an inch thick, stamp them into fancy shapes, stars, diamonds, rounds, or squares; fry them in boiling butter, or dripping, a rich golden brown, then drain them carefully and serve as directed.

Dishonesty and cruelty in Morocco.

NOTWITHSTANDING this colossal imperial population, private enterprise in the same direction is visited with summary punishment. The Sultan desires a monopoly. A thief—not an official—is punished by having his hand cut off at the wrist, which is plunged into a pot of boiling pitch, in order to cauterize the wound and prevent fatal bleeding. The bastinado is used on the slightest provocation. Not long ago the keeper of the prison was asked by an American traveler, whom for some reason he was anxious to please, what this punishment of the bastinado was like. The answer was that he should see for himself. In a few minutes a man was brought in, fastened to the floor face downward, and terribly beaten upon the upturned soles of his bare feet. The screams and entreaties of the poor wretch were so heartrending that our countryman interfered and begged for mercy, when the punishment was immediately stopped.

"What has this man done?" said he to the officer.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Then what are you whipping him for?" was the amazed question, which was answered in a tone of equal astonishment:

"Why, didn't you ask to see a man bastinadoed?"

They had gone into the street, seized a passer-by, and severely whipped an inoffensive man merely to gratify the curiosity of an amiable foreigner.—*J. T. Alling, in the November Cosmopolitan.*

Value of Bran upon the Farm.

Professor Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College, at Guelph, Canada, recently summed up the usefulness of bran to farmers, after having carefully considered its chemical composition:

1. Bran is a concentrated food, which, though variable in composition, possesses high nutritive value.

2. Roller process bran is, on the average, richer than old process bran.

3. Its excess of ash or mineral matters eminently fits it for bone building in growing animals, and for supplementing the lack of mineral matters in roots.

4. Its chemical composition points to the conclusion that it is somewhat better adapted to the formation of fat and production of heat than to the formation of muscle or of milk.

5. Both its chemical composition and its physical form adapt it ad-

mirably as a supplementary food to be used in connection with poor and bulky fodder, such as straw and roots.

6. Its manurial or fertilizing value alone repays its cost.

7. By retaining and feeding the bran upon the farm the objection to selling the grain is partly overcome, viz., the exhaustion of the soil, since the bran retains most of the mineral matter which cannot be derived from the air.—*New York World.*

Heenan's Great Strength.

In after years I had the honor of making the acquaintance of the American winner—the Benicia Boy, as we fondly dubbed him—a tall, grave, urbane gentleman, with reddish brown hair and a purple mustache. He wore black broadcloth and a hat, and diamonds sparkled here and there. I wonder what the present champion of the world would have done if pitted against that individual. We had a sand-bag hanging up in the college gymnasium; it was suspended by a long rope to a horizontal iron bar half-way from floor to ceiling. The strongest man in the college—and he was pretty strong—had once hit this bag so hard that it swung up on a level with the bar. One day Heenan dropped in. We suggested that he should hit the bag. He glanced at the bag, and stripped off his black broadcloth coat, and laid it, with its silken lining outward, over the back of a chair; Then he walked up to the bag, poised himself a moment, and his arm shot out. The bag flew upward with an impetus that carried it completely round the bar once, and nearly round the second time. As it fell, Heenan shook his head sadly, and turned away. No one spoke; but, as he slowly inserted himself into the silk lining, he remarked:

"Boys, you should have seen me when I was fit!"

The muscles at the back of his shoulders were about of the appearance and consistency of ammonites—a variety of extinct cephalopod mollusks, whose coiled stone remains occur in certain geologic strata.—*Julian Hawthorne in the November Cosmopolitan.*

LEARNING A TRADE.

A SOUND ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF BOYS ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE IN SHOPS.

When a boy has once gained the practical knowledge which every boy of the least ability will naturally acquire in a shop, he is fitted to convert the knowledge which a college or a university offers him into useful wisdom.

The greatest fallacy of modern educationists is that a boy can better be taught to do something by theory than he can learn to do something by practice. This has never proved true, and there is no reason to believe that it ever will. There are thousands of college graduates in this country today whose prospects of getting a living are extremely precarious, because they know nothing except what they were taught at college. On the other hand there are a great many who have had their ideas broadened by a college course, and correspondingly benefited thereby. Simple as the whole matter is there are many who can not be made to see it, and they are helped along sometimes, in their blindness, by those who ought to know better. The idea that a college course alone will fit a man to get a decent living is as fallacious as the idea that such a course can not help him in getting along in the world. The best advice, in our opinion, that can be given boys in this respect is: Do not depend upon what you may acquire at some institution of learning to get you comfortably through the world. The failures will be a hundred to one. On the contrary, do not despise what you may learn at schools and colleges. This will be a mistake, though not so fatal as the one first named.—*American Machinist.*

THE NOVEMBER COSMOPOLITAN.

THE November number of *The Cosmopolitan* features with a beautiful frontispiece of a buffalo bull, engraved by the well-known engraver, Frederick Jungling; it accompanies the second part of Wm. T. Hornaday's important article, "The Passing of the Buffalo." Julian Hawthorne's article on "The Noble Art of Self-Defense," illustrated handsomely by M. J. Burns, is certain to attract attention, because of its advocacy of pugilism and the author's personal reminiscences of Heenan and Sayers.

"The California Ranch," by Ella Sterling Cummins, is an illustrated article, giving in an attractive way a mass of information in regard to the great farms on the Pacific Coast. Shirley Dare, in an article on "A Brighter Outlook for Women," advocates the revival in a modified form of the convent for the benefit of unmarried and widowed women that depend upon themselves for support. Joel Benton explains "The Origin of Love and Beauty," while William H. Rideing describes "The Boyhood of James Russell Lowell," and Joseph T. Alling gives a lively and picturesque description of "The Chief City of a Moorish Despot." Harriet Prescott gives a sequel to "Uncle Mason's Money," under the title of "The Pretty Spendthrifts." F. D. Murfree's story of "The 'Show' that Came to Sequatchee Valley," and M. Fulano's "The Story of the Priest," are unusually excellent. The poems of the number are contributed by Louise Chandler Moulton, George Edgar Montgomery, Edith M. Thomas, May Riley Smith, Henry Tyrrell, and Frank Dempster Sherman.

THIRD SEASON. GRAND ANNUAL RECEPTION OF THE St. Joseph's Union of Deaf-Mutes.



AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

Washington St. Junction of Fulton & Court Sts. and Myrtle Ave.

Thanksgiving Eve.

Wednesday, November 23, 1887.

(Music by Prof. R. B. Sause.)

TICKETS, 50 CENTS.

(Admitting gentleman and ladies.)

The City Assembly Rooms have just been handsomely redecorated. All rooms have been put in first class order, and the hall will be decorated with flags and bunting. Everything possible will be done for the comfort of guests, and the committee reserves the right to refuse admission to any person. The hall can be reached by almost all car lines running to Fulton Ferry and the Bridge.

Committee of Arrangements: JAMES F. O'NEIL, Chairman, J. F. DONNELLY, J. P. MAHONEY.

The undersigned, offers for sale to DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR FRIENDS,

a large and fine picture of this Institution and surroundings, with portraits of the present principal and of the late principal.

DR. HARVEY P. PEET, executed by H. P. Arms, a skillful deaf-mute lithographer of Philadelphia, in whose interest he has consented to act.

THE H. P. PEET MEMORIAL, which the graduates of the New York Institution have so much at heart.

WILL BE DIRECTLY BENEFITED

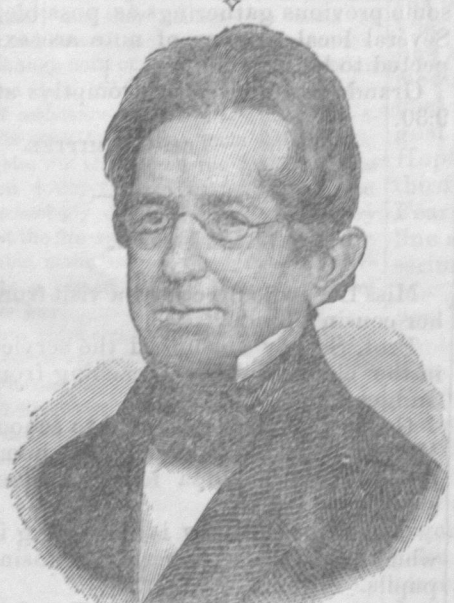
by the sale of this picture, as a portion of the small amount asked for each copy, will go directly into the Treasury of this fund. The picture measures 27x35 inches.

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$1.25, on receipt of which a copy, neatly packed, will be sent by mail post-paid. Send by Money Order or Postal Note to—

ISAAC LEWIS PEET, Principal, Station M, New York City.

THOMAS H. GALLAUDET CENTENNIAL SOUVENIR.

December 10th, 1787 1887



FOUNDER OF THE American System OF EDUCATION OF THE DEAF.

The One-hundredth Birthday of Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, LL.D., the founder of the American System of Education of the Deaf, occurs on December 10, 1887. It deserves commemoration, and will be celebrated at many Institutions and by many Societies of the Deaf. The Officers, Pupils, So-called members and Others interested, will doubtless desire some souvenir of the occasion. For this purpose I have prepared an elegant Ribbon, an illustration of which is given. It bears an excellent portrait of Dr. Gallaudet and a suitable inscription. The portrait is an improvement on that in the "Retrospect" published by me, which was highly commended by Dr. Gallaudet's family.

I shall be pleased to receive your order to insure delivery in good time.

PRICE-LIST.
Single Badge 50 for \$4.50; Additional, 9 " " 100 " 9.00; " 9 " " 150 " 13.50; " 8 1/2 " " 200 " 16.00; " 8 " " 250 " 19.00; " 7 1/2 " " 300 " 21.00; " 7 " " 400 " 24.00; " 6 " " 500 " 25.00; " 5 " " No charge for postage or express. Address W. R. CULLINGWORTH, CARE SMITH BROS., 119 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GALLAUDET CENTENNIAL JUBILEE. To the Deaf-Mutes of New England and their Friends.

This worthy project has become a fixed fact. The extraordinary occasion will take place in Faneuil Hall, Boston, Mass., on Friday, December 9th, and Saturday, 10th, and in another hall on the following Sunday, 11th, 1887.

Faneuil Hall, in Dock Square, is world renowned as the Cradle of Liberty, which means the birth of the great republic of America. The hall is immense, with an upper gallery on three sides, and large enough to accommodate six hundred and fifty guests at tables. That building is one hundred and twenty-four years old, and belongs to the city of Boston. The aldermen kindly granted us the use of that famous hall.

The object and purpose of the Jubilee are to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, LL.D., on the tenth of December, on the grandest possible scale ever seen in New England, due him as our great benefactor and the founder of the American Asylum in 1817—the first institution of the kind in America—combined with thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, for our deliverance from the everies long bondage of darkness and heaviness. As witnesses the inauguration of Gallaudet Day in New England, and to enjoy different entertainments on these days—social, secular and religious.

The circular of last May was merely an experiment. The Jubilee Fund at present is not sufficient to warrant the proposed free admission, and therefore an admission fee is charged. Don't miss the opportunity to honor the grand old hall with your presence, where our forefathers plead and fought hard for the liberty we are enjoying now. A number of large and small portraits of famous persons of the past adorn the walls.

It is acknowledged on all sides that this will be the largest and most enjoyable assemblage of deaf-mutes ever seen in New England.

Those having contributed one dollar or more to the Jubilee Fund are entitled to tickets.

Admission, 50cts; Children, 25cts; Banquet (limited), 50cts.

OFFICERS.

The following persons have consented to serve the Jubilee.
President.—JOHN T. FULLINGHAM, New Bedford, Mass.
1st Vice-President.—W. H. MINERVA FOLLETT, Woonsocket Hill, R. I.
2d Vice-President.—WILLIAM BAILEY, Beverly, Mass.
Secretary.—EDWIN W. FISKE, Wrentham, Mass.
Treasurer.—HENRY M. FAIRMAN, No. 40 Avon Street, Hartford, Conn.
Entertainment Com.—WILLIAM K. CHASE, Winsted, Conn., Chairman.
For Maine.—Hiram P. Hunt, Gray; Miss Almira E. Alden, Dixmont, and Miss Emma J. Proctor, Lewiston.
For New Hampshire.—Vernon B. Wright, Nashua; and Mrs. Martha A. Smith, New Boston.
For Vermont.—John T. Keefe, Bellows Falls; Miss Julia E. Gilson, Hartland.
For Massachusetts.—W. H. Kravins, John May, Mrs. Bella Plagg, all of Boston; the Rev. Samuel Rowe, Methuen, and Mrs. Maria A. Livingston, Worcester.
For Rhode Island.—John F. Donnelly, Woonsocket; O-car Kinsman, Providence.
For Connecticut.—Theodore L. Lonsbury, Wallingford; Miss Kate Miller, Thompsonville.

JUBILEE NOTES.

The proceeds, if any, from the Jubilee will be turned over to the Gallaudet Status Fund in Washington City, which has been raised to over eight thousand dollars. The statue will be erected there next summer.

The officers of the Jubilee will wear white badges, the deaf members, blue badges, and the hearing members, pink.

Faneuil Hall, being city property, will be protected by several policemen on the premises. The best of order will be assuredly maintained.

It is expected that Mrs. Maria Lamb (nee Bailey), of Norwich, Conn., aged 90 years, and her sister Mrs. Harriet Derby, of Myrtle River, Conn., aged 88, being the oldest pupils from the American Asylum, will be present at Faneuil Hall. They entered the Asylum in 1817, and hold up their age well.

The famous deaf and dumb and blind lady, Miss Laura Bridgman, of the South Boston Institution, will be at the hall, with her old friend, Miss Almira Alden, of Maine, who has been totally blind for two years.

The oldest son of the illustrious Gallaudet, Thomas, will, as ever, be with us as an interpreter for the benefit of the hearing people. It is regretted that the youngest son, Edward, the President of the National Deaf-Mute College in Washington City, will not be at the hall, owing to his engagements elsewhere.

The silver pitcher and silver presented to the elder Gallaudet by the grateful deaf in 1850, costing three hundred dollars, will be on exhibition on the occasion day.

The French Ambassador to the United States and Consul at Boston will be asked to be present at the hall to represent their country.

The United States Government will be solicited to furnish a brass band of music to help enliven the occasion on the evening of December 9, as well as for the benefit of the hearing people and also to honor the other country (France).

Mrs. H. Derby (daughter of Rev. Wm. W. Phelps, Mass.), has for sale his good book, entitled, "History of the First School for Deaf-Mutes of America," with illustrations. The price is 20 cents per copy. Half the price goes to the Jubilee Fund. It is hoped that his generosity will be appreciated with a liberal patronage.

Please take notice that we must give the reliable Boston caterer (already engaged) a guarantee of three hundred dollars at 50 cents each by the 25th of this month (November), and therefore you are respectfully urged to send one dollar for admission and banquet tickets to the Treasurer, or any other officer, once if you have not already sent. William G. Nelson, of Charlestown, Mass., (hearing), will be the doorkeeper at the hall on the 9th of December. He understands the sign-language well.

There are several elegant dining-rooms on Brattle street, a little distance from back of Faneuil Hall. Crawford House on the European plan, on the corner of Brattle and Court streets, is one of the most popular hotels in the city, and its restaurant is one of the finest in Boston, with electric light and prices moderate. It will accommodate parties at \$1.50 per day where two persons occupy one room. Write them several days beforehand to secure lodgings.

Sherman House, on the European plan, in Court Square, near the City Hall, will furnish single rooms for 75 cents per day, and two persons for \$1.25 each.

The immense and elegant hotel nearest Faneuil Hall, on the American plan, in the Qui et House, on Brattle street, and will accommodate parties for \$2.50 each.

Come one! Come all! Look up your friends and bring them.

Please show this circular to your deaf friends, etc.

PROGRAMME.

Faneuil Hall will be decorated inside by Lamprell & Marble, decorators, Boston, with American flags, streamers and bunting, and also French flags in honor of our first teacher and Gallaudet's co-laborer, Laurent Clerc, from France, and also the French system of instruction for the deaf and dumb that we are using; large pictures of Gallaudet, Clerc, L'Eveque, and Saeed; and also a motto, about thirty by three feet, will be suspended across the hall with this inscription in large print:

1787-GALLAUDET-1887.

FRIDAY, DEC. 9, GRAND SOCIAL REUNION, ALL DAY AND NIGHT.

The hall will be open at 9 A.M. At 2 P.M. Mayor O'Brien, of Boston, is expected to deliver an address of welcome to the city. 2:30 P.M. Prof. George A. Simpson, of Hartford, the famous deaf-mute magician, will exhibit a great many wonderful tricks. They are worth seeing, indeed.

FRIDAY NIGHT—BRILLIANT LEVEE.

Grand promenade at 7:30 P.M., sharp, under the leadership of Wm. H. Green, of Worcester; dramatic tableaux at 8 P.M., under the management of Miss Bella Plagg, of Boston; banquet at 11 P.M. At and after midnight (Dec. 10), many different games, old and new, will be indulged in for prizes, fun and amusement.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 10, PUBLIC EXERCISES, GALLAUDET DAY—ORATION, ETC.

At 2 P.M. the meeting will be opened by prayer; a short address by President Tillingham; singing by a congenial deaf choir by the name of Miss Lettie Wise, of the Beverly School, from Cambridgeport, Mass., as follows:

"Oh, praise God for the coming day, when the deaf shall hear and the dumb shall speak; The blind see and the lame leap for joy, The lamb and the lion shall lie down together; The ox and the leopard eat straw, and a little child shall lead them."

The oration of the day will be delivered by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D. A piece on "Gallaudet Day" will be sung in signs by Mrs. Minerva Follett, of Rhode Island, and other addresses by prominent deaf and hearing persons, and benediction. The hall will then be closed.

SUNDAY, DEC. 11, RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

At 9:15 A.M. a Holy Communion Service will be conducted by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., of New York, in the sign-language, in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Cortes Street, and will be over soon after 10 o'clock.

Another hall will be announced in time for the religious services. At 10:30 A.M. some one will preach. In the afternoon the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., will officiate, and in the evening the Jubilee will be concluded with a thanksgiving meeting, in which several prominent persons will participate.

MASQUERADE BALL BY THE GALLAUDET CLUB.

AT ADELPHI HALL, 52d Street and Seventh Avenue.

(The Hall has been recently renovated at great expense.)

ON Wednesday Evening, December 14, 1887.

DANCING TO COMMENCE AT 10 P.M.

In Order to aid the Committee of the Empire State Association in their efforts to complete New York's contribution to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, the Gallaudet Club has decided to forego its annual banquet and give a ball open to all respectable persons. As the object is a deserving one, it appeals to the deaf-mutes of the Empire City to contribute to its success.

Tickets, admitting Gentleman and Lady, \$1.00

Extra Ladies' Ticket, 50 Cts

Children, under twelve, 50 Cts

(To be had of members of the Club.)

Committee: THOMAS F. FOX, Chairman.

A. RETHURL THOMAS, THEO. A. FROELICH, E. SOUWEINE, WILLIAM HUTTON.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, 13 ASSOCIATIONS, organized by Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at the Tittle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Juhning, Pres't; Chas. E. Green, First Vice-President; S. B. Smith, Second Vice-President; Alex. De-zendorf, Secretary; T. J. Godfrey, Treasurer; Daniel Milliam, Sergeant-at-Arms. Its object is to improve moral, intellectual and social among its members. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Alex. De-zendorf, No. 1608 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Moses I. Aronson, Vice-President, Thos. F. Finnegan; Secretary, William B. Shaw; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Wm. B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A.M. Regular business meetings, first Thursdays in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, H. Winslow, 232 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CAMBRIDGE SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The objects of the Cambridge Society of Deaf-Mutes are to promote the spiritual, moral, educational and intellectual welfare of the deaf-mutes in Cambridge, Mass. The officers are: President, A. W. Orent; Secretary, E. W. Frisbee, and Treasurer, A. C. Hargrave. Sunday services and prayer meeting from 12:30 to 2 P.M., at the South Square First Baptist Church, until further notice.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes meets at 8 o'clock, at the School Building, St. Michael's Church, on West 32d Street, 9th Avenue, New York. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Thursday. Lectures every third Thursday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. James Russell, President. All communications should be addressed to W. G. Powall, Corresponding Secretary, 63 Hooper St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

CINCINNATI SOCIETY.

The Anderson Society dates its organization from 1879, and has for its object the moral and mental improvement of its members, by lectures, debates, and other entertainments. Regular meetings on the first and third Saturday evenings of each month, at 8 o'clock, are held in the Bible Class and regular meetings. The Secretary's address is B. C. Bascom's Shop, corner River and Hoosier Streets, Cincinnati, O.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Fifth Street, above 17th Street. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are reserved for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Mr. W. Miles is President, Wm. G. Harrison, Secretary, 3409 Ludlow St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DE LEPEE CATHOLIC DEAF-MUTES' ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.

Meetings, the first and third Sundays of the month, in the building of the Deaf-Mutes' Mission 710 Pine Street. The object of the Association is the spiritual and temporal welfare of its members. Edw. J. Sullivan, Sec'y. For information and communication, address to Mr. Wm. F. Fields, Secretary, 1229 Fulton St., or to Rev. E. V. Lebreton, 710 Pine St.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New Hampshire, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are: President, Wm. Deering, Pittsfield; Almos Smith, Treasurer, New Boston.

PAS-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of dispensing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its motto is, Pas-Pas—step by step. Regular meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, 4th floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 148 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is officered as follows: President, Matthew Mulien; Vice-President, Edward King; Secretary, M. J. Mulien; Treasurer, Jas. Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. JOSEPH'S UNION, OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 21 Sidney Place, corner Livingston St., Brooklyn. Objects mutual aid. All communications to be addressed to James P. Mahoney, 2020 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings at the St. Louis Young Men's Christian Association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are, principally, of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, William Stafford; Vice-President, Marcus H. Kerr; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, Louis Jacoby; Sergeant-at-Arms, Samuel Perlmutter; Trustees, Geo. T. Dougherty and A. N. Merrill. Secretary's address is No. 901 Biddle Street.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable; to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can make for themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation; to strengthen the ties of Christian and mutual brotherhood among the deaf-mutes; subjects pertaining to sacred mission. The officers are E. W. Frisbee, President; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.